Darwin's Life and Letters. SECOND ARTICLE.

Darwin's own letters constitute, as w have seen, about six-sevenths of the material ted in two thick volumes by his son. They are, as far as possible, arranged in chronological order, so that, consecutively read, they offer us a singularly full and vivid revelation of the growth of his mind, the progress of his inuiries, and the development of his opinions.

The correspondence begins with some letters

of no particular importance written during his undergraduate life at Cambridge to his kins-W. Darwin Fox. In them we hear good deal about shooting and hunting, but much also about entomology, in which tt is plain that the embryo natural-ist was seriously and continuously interested. For how little academical studies counted in his existence may be judged from the fact that he announces with three exclamation marks that he has passed his "Little Go," and was "much exalted" thereat. The exultation may provoke a smile in those who know something about the scope and quality of the attainments requisite for sustaining this test. But, as Darwin himself repeatedly acknowledged, he had no gift for the acquisition of languages. Even German, which after a time became indispensable for much of his scientific reading, was always, his son says, a great labor to him. He could read but little of it at a time, and that only by hammering away with a dictionary. His method was to read a sentence over a great many times, until at last the meaning would occur to him. He used to call German the 'Verdammate," pronounced as if in English, and was especially indignant, because he was convinced that Germans could write clearly, if they chose. The difficulty experienced in learning languages is easily accounted for by the notable deficiency of his memory in prehensile power-a fact to which he frequently refers. "I have never," he tells us, " been able to remember for more than a few days a single date or a line of poetry." About all that his reminiscent faculty could do for him was, he writes, "to make me cautious by vaguely telling me that I have observed or read something opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or, on the other hand, in favor of it. After a time I can generally recollect where to search for my authority." This weakness of the recollecting function must have imposed on Darwin an immense waste of time, and the soundness of his conclusions under the circumstances-considering that they all ought to be the outcome of exhaustive inductionseems little short of a miracle. For memory, one would think, must be at once divining rod and touchstone to the scientific explorer.

Few things are more certain than that but for the voyage in the Beagle we should not have had the "Origin of Species." Had Darwin after graduation taken orders, as he expected and his father wished him to do, he wo have risen much above the level of the ordinary country clergyman. In such leisure as coulbe wrested from parochial duties he might have collected the materials for an interesting paper on the habits of insects, but that, in all likelihood, would have been all. His is one of the examples that most impressively demonstrate the value of an opportunity and the tremendous propulsion it imparts—that convince us how much less difference there is in men than in circumstances, how much more indis pensable to large achievement is a right medium and a right objective than great natural ability. On this point Darwin himself, even at the height of his distinction, was guiltless of any self-flattering estimation. It was always to the voyage in the Beagle, to the habits thus made inveterate, to the trend irreversibly given to his purposes and labors that he traced whatever he subsequently achieved.

Inasmuch as Darwin himself published a

journal of the researches made during his five years' voyage around the world, the editor of these volumes has included only a few letters dealing with his father's experiences on the Beagle, and these for the most part relate to matters of personal detail. Those which bea on his persistent nausea are interesting, be cause there seems to be no doubt that his health was permanently shattered by his almost incessant suffering at sea. Certain in seems that he was never physically the same man after the voyage that he had been before it. "I will give you," he writes to his father from Bahia, "all my dear-bought experience. Nobody who has only been to sea for twenty four hours has a right to say that seasickness is even uncomfortable. The real misery only begins when you are so exhausted that a little exertion makes a feeling of faintness come on. I found that nothing but lying in my hammock did me any good. I must especially except your receipt of raisins, which is the only food that the stomach will bear. He was scarcely out of his hammock until arriving at Teneriffe, and as late as June 1836, he wrote: "It is a lucky thing for me that the voyage is drawing to its close, for I posttively suffer more from seasickness now than three years ago." From the testimony of his surviving fellow voyagers we infer that to the end of the five years, most of which were spent on shipboard, he could never count on escap ing nausea when the vessel pitched at all heavily. Yet in retrospect his recollection the voyage, or at least of its many episodes or land, were so pleasant, and his sense of indebt edness to it was so lively that he could not boar to ascribe to it his ill health in later years, but preferred to attribute this to an hereditary fault that had come out as gout in some former generations. But we imagine that the verdic f competent physicians on the facts would be that his organs of digestion and expurgation were permanently deranged by the incessan shock and strain to which they were subjected

In July, 1837, about a year after the termina tion of the voyage in the Bengle, Darwin, who was now 28 years old, and had been lately mar ried, opened his first note book for facts in relation to the "Origin of Species," about which subject, as he tells us in his autobiography, he had long reflected, and at which coused working for the next twenty years. It seems that during the Beagle voyage he "had been deeply impressed by discovering in the Pampean formation great fossil animals covered with armor like that on the existing armadillos; secondly, by the manner in which closely allied animals replace one another in proceeding southward over the continent; and thirdly, by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos archipelago, and more especially by the manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group, none of the islands appearing to be very ancient in a geological sense. To Darwin it seemed indisputable that "such facts as these as well as many others, could only be explained on the supposition that species gradually become modified, and the subject baunted me. But it was equally evident that neither the action of the surrounding conditions nor the will of the organisms (especially in the case of plants) could account for the innumerable case in which organisms of every kind are beautifully adapted to their habits of life-for instance, a woodpecker or a tree-frog to climb trees, or a seed for dispersal by nooks or plumes." Until such adaptations could be explained it seemed to Darwin "almost useless to endeavor to prove by indirect evidence that species have been modified." He determined accordingly, after his return to England to follow the example of Lyell in gein the hope that "by collecting all facts which bore in any way on the variation of animals and plants under domestication and nature, some light might be thrown on the whole subject," That was the purpose with which he opened the note book already mentioned, proceeding on strictly inductive principles and" without any predetermined theory. collecting facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skiiful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading." He soon, he adds, "perceived that selection was the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants. But how selection could be applied to

organisms living in a state of nature remained for some time a mystery." It was while read-ing (in 1838) Malthus on "Population" and dering that economist's demonstration of the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on that Darwin was struck with the il-luminating thought that "under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavorable ones to be destroyed." The unconscious adaptation of an organism to its surroundings was to be termed by Darwin "natural selec-tion" and its result would be the formation of new species. "Here, then," he says, "I had at last got a theory by which to work, but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June, 1842, I first allowed myself [this is the statement of the autobiography. but in a letter to Wallace, written in 1859, Darwin says that the first sketch was written in 1839) the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory, in pencil, in thirty-five pages, and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of 280 pages." At that time, however, Darwin had overlooked a problem of great importance, namely, "the tendency in organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they become modified. I can remember," writes Darwin, "the very spot in the road, while in my carriage, when to my joy the solution occurred to me. The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms tend to become adapted to many and highly diversified places in the economy of nature." Now and then in his earlier correspondence w

ome on interesting allusions to the progress of

his twenty-year researches and speculations on

the origin of species. Thus, in a letter written to his kinsman Fox in June, 1838, he says: "I am delighted to hear you are such a good man as not to have forgotten my questions about the crossing of animals. It is my prime hobby, and I really think sometimes I shall be able to do something in that most intricate subject, species and varieties." He informs the same person under date of January, 1841, that I continue to collect all kinds of facts about Varieties and Species' for my some-day work to be so entitled [as we know, the title was ultimately changed); the smallest contributions thankfully accepted; descriptions of offspring of all crosses between all domestic birds and animals, dogs, cats, &c., very valuable. Don't forget, if your African half-bred cat should die, that I should be very much obliged for its carcase sent up in a little hamper for the skeleton; it or any cross-bred pigeons, fowl, duck, &c., will be more acceptable than the finest haunch of venison er the finest turtle." After this we come on no more references to the topic which occupied his thoughts until October, 1845, when, in a letter to Lyell, he mentions that he has " been much interested in Prof. Sedgwick's review of the 'Vestiges of Creation.' It is a grand piece of argument against mutability of species, and I read it with fear and trembling, but was well pleased to find that I had not overlooked any of the arguments, though I had put them to myself as feebly as milk and water." About the same date he tells Dr. Hooker of a visit to the Dean of Manchester. with whom Darwin "had very much interesting talk on hybrids, sterility, and variation. He is very heterodox on species; not much better, as most naturalists would esteen it, than Mr. Vestiges." From this statement his correspondent could hardly guess that on this very subject Darwin was contemplating se in the rôle of the arch heretic. Yet, as we shall see presently, he had already given Hooker plain hints of his intentions, and, if we had not better evidence, something of the kind might be inferred from a letter dated April. 1847, for here we come on the words. "I see you have introduced [in the 'Antarctic Voyage'] several sentences against us transmutationists." To the same friend he writes in September, 1854, when he had practically finished his work on Cirripedes, which had to some extent liverted him from his main field of inquiry. that "I shall now in a day or two begin to look over my old notes on species." He kept his word, and henceforward seldom took his hand from the capital work of his life until he had prepared it for publication.

It was in 1844, just after he had finished the second and longer sketch of his species theory (230 pages) that Darwin expressed in a letter to his wife the conviction that his theory, "lif ir ime accepted even by one competent judge will be a considerable step in science." He ac cordingly urges her, in case of his sudden death, to devote at least \$2,000 to its publicaion, and suggests that either Lyell, Hooker Forbes, or Henslow should be asked to edit it. But it is a melancholy lesson learned by most investigators at an early stage of their career that it is well to be chary of communicating to ed friends and acquaintances the aims and results of your uncompleted researches, especially when these are of a novel or sensational purport. Darwin had learned this lesson, and f all his correspondents he seems to have confided the whole scope of his hopes and pur-poses only to Sir J. D. Hooker, up to the time, that is to say, when his book was nearly ready to be launched. The first distinct acknowledgment of his heterodox views on the origin of species occurs in a let ter to Hooker bearing date January, 1844: "I have been now ever since my return (from his voyage) engaged in a very presumptuous work. At last gleams of light have come, and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable. Heaven fore fend me from Lamarck nonsense of a 'tendency to progression.' adaptations from the low willing of animals, &c. But the conclusions I am led to are not widely different from is, though the means of change are wholly so. I think I have found out there's presumption! the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends. You will now groan and think to yourself 'on what a man have I been wasting my time and writing?

Later in the same year he wrote (to the same correspondent) rather less confidently: my most sanguine moments all I expect is that I shall be able to show, even to sound naturalists, that there are two sides to the question of the immutability of species-that facts can be viewed and grouped under the notion of allied species having descended from common stocks." Apparently a few days afterward he says (we are still quoting from the confidential letters to Hooker): "I am now reading a wonderful book for facts on variation-Brown's Geschichte der Natur. It is stiff German. It forestalls me-sometimes I think delightfully, and sometimes cruelly. I hate arguments from results, but, on my views of descent really natural history becomes a sublimely grand result-giving subject (now you may juiz me for so foolish an escape of mouth). By October, 1845, he speaks with more assur-"Now," he says, "I have a grand body of facts, and I think I can draw some sound conclusions. The general conclusions at which I have slowly been driven from a directly opposite conviction is that species are mutable, and that allied species are co-descendants from common stocks. I know how much I open myself to reproach for such a conclusion, but I have at least honestly and deliberately come to it." Yet, from another letter written about the same time, it seems clear that he did not yet appreclate the revolutionary lengths to which his researches were to carry him. "With respect," he tells a correspondent, "to my far distant work on species, I must have expressed myself with singular inaccuracy if I led you to suppose that I meant to say that my concluions were inevitable. They have become so after years of weighing puzzles, to myself alone; but in my wildest day dream I never expeet more than to be able to show that there are two sides to the question of the immutability of species, i. e., whether species are directly created, or by intermediate laws (as with the life and death of individuals)." At present he would be a rash man who should contend that there are any longer two sides to that question. Nor can we better measure the influence exerted by Darwin on our pivotal ideas than by comparing the present posture of opinion with that which he contemplated

a bold man to lay myself open to being thought a complete fool and a most deliberate one. Pray do not think," he adds, that I am so blind as not to see that there are numerous immense difficulties in my notions, but they appear to less than on the common view." As late as 1849 he acknowledges to Hooker, although he had just demonstrated his own possession of the qualifications of a specialist by his book on Cirripedes: "Painfully true is your remark that no one has hardly a right to examine the question of species who has not minutely described many. My only comfort is (as I mean to attempt the subject) that I have dabbled in several branches of natural history, and n good specific men work out my species, and know something of geology (an indispensable union), and though I shall get more kicks than halfpennies. I will, life serving attempt my work. Lamarck is the only exception that I can think of, of an accurate describer of species, at least in the invertebrate kingdom, who has disbelieved in permanent species; but he, in his absurd though clever work, has done the subject harm, as has Mr. Vestiges and as (some future loose naturalist attempting the same speculations will perhaps say) has Mr. Darwin." Even in 1854 he is oppressed by doubt about the reception of his views by the scientific world, for he has hard work to convince a few warm friends. He tells Hooker that "to see Asa Gray's and your caution on the species question ought to overwhelm me in confusion and shame: it does make me feel deuced uncomfortable. How swfully flat I shall feel if, when I get my notes

together on species, &c., the whole thing ex-

plodes like an empty puff ball."

It was, as we learn from the autobiography. early in 1856," by which time the outlines and proportions of his discovery—such it virtually -had taken definite shape in Darwin's mind, that "Lyell advised me to write out my views pretty fully, and I began at once to do so on a scale three or four times as extensive as that which was afterward followed in my Origin of Species;' yet it was only an abstract of the materials which I had collected." This work occupied a month. Lyell, it seems, had warned him that he might be anticipated at any moment, and thus be to a large extent deprived of the honor earned by the labors of twenty years. He was urged to file a caveat. so to speak, by putting forth a preliminary summary of his theory in the form of a brie essay, and in a letter to Lyell, supposed to have been written in July, 1856, he speaks as if such an essay had then been actually published. But he makes no allusion to this in the autobiography, where he says that the first public announcement of his conclusions was made in 1858, in a paper printed in the Linnman Society's Journal, simultaneously with an essay by Mr. A. R. Wallace. who had independently arrived at the same convictions with respect to the mutability of species. As the facts in relation to this transaction have been sometimes misstated or misinterpreted by Darwin's opponents, it may be well to quote the relevant passage in the autoblography: "Early in the summer of 1858 Mr. Wallace, who was then in the Malay Archipelago, sent me an essay 'On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type,' and this essay contained exactly the same theory as mine. Mr. Wallace expressed the wish that if I thought well of his essay I should send it to Lyell for perusal. The circumstances under which I consented. at the request of Lyell and Hooper, to allow of an abstract from my MS., together with a letter to Asa Gray, dated Sept. 5, 1857, to be published at the same time with Wallace's essay, are given in the Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnman Society. I was at first very unwilling to consent, as I thought Mr. Wallace might consider my doing so unjustifiable, for I did not then know how generous and noble was his disposition. The extract from my MS, and the letter to Asa Gray had neither of them been intended for publication and were badly written. Mr. Wallace's essay, on the other hand, was admirably expressed and quito clear. Nevertheless, our joint productions excited very little attention, and the only published notice of them that I can remember was by Prof. Haughton of Dublin, whose verdiet was that all that was new in them was false, and what was true was old. This shows how necessary it is that any new view should be explained at considerable extent in order to

rouse public attention." Attention was at last commanded by the book, to whose completion Darwin-now that his hand was forced by the discovery that at least one other competent investigator was at work on the same lines-new resolutely addressed himself. He abstracted the manuscript, begun on a much larger scale in 1856, and developed his conclusions in a much abbreviated form. Even this, he says, "cost me thirteen months and ten days' hard labor. It was published under the title of the 'Origin of Species' in November, 1859, Though consider ably added to and corrected, it has remained substantially the same book,"

Considering the nature of the subject, we may well remember with amazement that 1,250 copies were sold on the day of publication, and second edition of 3,000 copies soon afterward. By 1876 16,000 copies had been sold in England alone, and the sale in the United States must by this time have been considerably larger. It has been translated into every European tongue, even into such languages as Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, and Russian. The published essays and books provoked by it are legion; indeed, in Germany a catalogue or bibliography on "Darwinismus" is almost annually published.

Looking back on these phenomena it seems that, compared with the heed given to Gallieo and to Newton by their respective contemporaries, the revolutionary doctrine set forth by Darwin met with an astonishingly ready reception. But the fact is that for years Darwin's fundamental conclusion encountered stubborn and bitter opposition, and gained respect and acquiescence on the European Continent and in the United States long before it did in England, where the protagonists on its behalf, Lyell and Huxley, had their fill of fighting. Even after the theory was generally accopted, the worsted party in the desperate contention fell back on the assertion that what was true in it was old. Nor can it be denied that Darwin discovered the origin of species only in the sense that Columbus discovered America. Lamarck, before him, had formulated the conception. So had the Northmen landed on this continent centuries before the Genoese. But no other Europeans had followed in their track or put faith in their report,

Of course, the violent antagonism evinced in many quarters to the "Origin of Species" from the perception that it obviously pointed to a simin ancestor of man. But for Darwin logic had no terrors, and that he did not shrink from facing the inevitable corollary he was presently to prove by the "Descent of Man." But we must reserve for a future notice his conclusions on this head, as well as his views of religion, about which, owing to the reticence that he generally maintained, there still exists a good deal of curiosity.

M. W. H.

BOOK NOTES.

The Harpers publish in book form W. D. Howells's excellent novel, "April Hopes," which has appeared as a serial in their magazine. Mrs. Miles H. McNamara's "Prince Const-wind's Victory" (Belford, Clarke & Co.) is a fanciful little story, which relates the supernatural origin of Croton Lake.

Thomas Whittaker publishes "A Little Stepdaughter," translated from the French. It is an interesting story of the moral type. with plenty of stirring incidents. Nicola B. Monachesi's "American Book-

seller" should be consulted by the intending

buyer of books for holiday presents. It is profusely and handsomely illustrated. "The Giant Dwarf" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) is a romantic story for boys by an author who has abundantly shown his capacity to cater acceptably to juvenile tastes.

In "The Camp in the Mountains" (Porter & Coates) the youth of America will find a story

when he wrote (in the same letter): "I am | with incidents and Indians, the latter being of the type which James Fenimore Cooper vented, and which among a certain class of

story tellers is not yet extinct.

In his "Elementary Psychology and Education." Mr. Joseph Baldwin has made a successful attempt to produce a manual on the phe nomens and functions of the human mind, which shall serve as an introduction to more elaborate or scientific study of the subject. It is mainly intended for high schools or normal schools, or even for teachers, and forms one of Appletons' International Education Series.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's skill as a story writer has never been more felicitqualy illustrated than in his recently published volume, entitled "Free Joe and Other Georgian Sketches" (Scribners). The title story is meagre almost to baldness in incident, but its quaint humor, its simply but broadly outlined characters, and, above all, its touching pathor combine to make it a masterpiece of its kind. It is, moreover, a singularly vivid and truthful

picture of slavery times in Georgia.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield's entertaining volume, "The Ignoramuses" (D. Lothrop & Co.), is a very fair guide book for that part of Continental Europe which lies between Ham burg and Nice. It describes the adventures of an American family who travelled from the former city to the latter, spending much time in Switzerland and in various parts of Germany, and is full of humor and sprightly char actor studies. It is in a measure a sequel to the same author's "All Among the Lighthouses."

An amusing little volume is that by Frank Dempster Sherman and John Kendrick Bangs, whimsically entitled "New Waggings of Old Tales by Two Wags" (Ticknor & Co.). The tales belong principally to familiar fairy lore. and are supposed to have been reconstructed by such eminent hands as Browning, Tennyson and others of like reputation. Mr. James Russell Lowell, late Minister to the Court of St. James under the title of "The Distinguished Diplo mat," officiates as a sort of dignified master of ceremonies, and illustrates in a series of introductory speeches his peculiarities of style and habits of classical quotation.

"Gunethics," by the Rev. W. K. Brown (Funk & Wagnalls), is the title given to a work which ssumes to prove that the ethical status of woman is equal to that of man inasmuch as Hole Scripture affords no indication that she is the inferior of man. The author holds that the recognition and position accorded to woman by Christ after His resurrection are fairly demonstrative of woman's equal status in the propagation of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. He writes with earnestness and a thorough belief in the justice of the cause which he upholds, but has presented no novel argument

on the subject. Miss Juliet Corson has rendered a valuable service to persons of moderate means by the production of her "Family Living on \$500 a Year" (Harper's), in which she shows conclu sively how for that sum a plentiful, appetizing and varied diet can be furnished throughout the year to a family of moderate size. If any one is inclined to doubt this, let him consult the book itself, which ought to be in the possession of every head of a family whose annual income does not exceed \$1,500. Not merely does it explain the economies of the kitchen, but it contains an abundance of receipts and hints to housekeepers, which the latter cannot fail to appreciate.

There seems to be a great deal of common sense in Miss Grace H. Dodge's "Bundle of Letters to Busy Girls" (Funk & Wagnalls). Miss Dodge was the originator of the so-called Working Girls' Societies," and these letters were suggested by or grew out of the "Practical Talks" to which one evening of every week was generally devoted. They are not without literary merit, but the author has subordinated mere style to the desire to convey wise and practical instruction in plain, brief, but very effective words. As one of the "Girls" she speaks in their somewhat homely language, and discusses their wants, embarrassm and daily trials. Among the class for whose benefit it was prepared this little volume is likely to do much good.

The Wileys send us John Ruskin's "Hortus Inclusus," printed in the clear typographica style which is characteristic of their reproduc tion of his writings. The volume consists of extracts from letters written during a period of ten years by Ruskin to Miss Susan Beever, lady of extraordinary moral and intellectual charms, to whom he was deeply attached. They dwell upon a variety of topics, mostly of a light or discursive character, and 'almost invariably exhibit the writer in good humor, although as paradoxical as ever. He is by turns playful. broadly jocose, or even feminine, but always affectionate, and in many places there crop out those wise, witty or eccentric bits of thought and criticism so characteristic of the writer. No one who wishes to know Ruskin through all his moods should fail to read this book. At the close of it are inserted at his particular request some letters and notes on birds by Miss Beever The same firm publish the concluding chapter of Volume II. of Ruskin's "Præterita." It is

entitled "Otterburn." "Narka, the Nihilist," by Kathleen O'Meara (Harpers), is an unusually strong story of Russian life and character, although, as a matter of fact, the scene is laid principally in Paris The title also is somewhat of a misnomer, as the heroine was neither a Nihilist nor desired to become one, but might under certain contingencies have consented to do so. As an ex ample of all that is noble, courageous, and self-sacrifleing in woman this character is admirably drawn, and with the exception, perhaps, of Marguerite, the high-born Sister of Charity, is quite the best in the book. Both represent types of womanhood only too rarely met with in fletion. Beauerfllon illustrates th idea of heredity in his combination of courtesy with the chivalric instincts of a race of knightly ancestors, while Basil Zorokoff, the hero, devoted as he seems to be to Narks, rath er disappoints one by the complacency with which he accepts her final sublime act of selfabnegation. The plot is clever, the action uninterrupted, and there is not a dull page in the story. We cannot, however, but think that the incidents are occasionally overdrawn. The corruption, venality, and cruelty ascribed to the administration of justice in Russia, and the Court intrigues at St. Potersburg seem more or less exaggerated. Nor are they, a presented to the reader, actually necessary to illustrate the moral aim of the writer.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish an excellent memoir of the late Gen. Ormsby Macknight Mitchel, by his son. F. A. Mitchel. The services of this accomplished man, both as as ronomer and soldier, are related as far as possible in his own words, and the narrative con veys the impression of an ardent, heroic, and patriotic gentleman. Unfortunately Mitchel never had a fair opportunity to show his ability to direct a great army in the field. In his early services in Kentucky and Tennessee he held no independent command of importance, and his nervous energy and aggressive counsels found little favor with his superior officer, Gen. Buell. At last, disgusted and disheartened by the dilatory policy of the latter, he tendered his resignation on the ground that he found it impossible to serve his country under Buell, and ordered to Washington to await orders. Thither he was pursued by unjust complaints and charges preferred by Buell, under the influence of which Gen. Halleck, re-cently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army, conceived a prejudice against him. Month after month passed in anxious sus pense, and it was not until September, 1863, that he was ordered to take command of the Department of the South in South Carolina—the most insignificant post, probably, that equid be offered to an officer of promise. He died there of yellow fever soon after, without having had an opportunity to show what he could do with the small force under his control. His career as a soldier covered little more than a year, and was as vexatious and unhappy as his experience as an astronomer and founder of observatories had been closerful released to look after his interests, but the luck may be said to have been against him and he died an undeveloped soldier, who, had he had fair play, toight have ranked with our great captains. That was undoubtedly the popular impression at the time of his death. pense, and it was not until September, 1863,

PORMS WORTH READING.

The Sentence of Robert Emmet When my country takes her place among the nations of the then, and not till then, let my spitage be written." A crowded court, a breathless bar, Both Judge and jury flushed with rage, A feariess felon there to mar And blot with shame Britannia's page!

A hero brave, a rebel hold. A patriot to make tyrants pause, A man of gallant, martial mould, A martyr in his country's cause!

And who the prisoner in the dock ! And what his orime against the State And why a doom worse than the block Pronounced on one so good and great! A name with honor to be known In every age and every land Where freedom bravely holds her own And freemen rally, hand in hand.

O Robert Emmet, glorious son Of liberty and Erin's love, Thy dying words have but begun To echo to the skies above! Thy crime, thy country's pride and boast, Thy death the dearest men may crave

To drive the despot from her coast,

The brutal Toler jibes and jeers, The traitor Plunket smiles in scorn. While Irishmen are moved to tears As Emmet dares the bench's worst, Its ruthless wrath, the hangman's knot

A sentence cruel and accurat, A fate that cannot be forgot And all for love of native land, Of friends and fields and firesides dear He stands a champion, loyal, grand, Of noble front, without a fear! His cheeks unblanched, his pulse unchecked To face the gallows and the grave, With blessings that about him wave

Let no man write my epitaph. But lay my memory in the temb Until the bitter cup we quaff Be wreathed with the shamrock's bloom! And dear old Ireland takes har place Among the nations of the world, The sunburst lighting up her face, Her emerald flag again unfurled!

He'died amid the heartfelt grief None strong enough to yield relief, No pity there to spare his life! And Britain's doom was breathed that mor In judgment on the rising gale, For yows of dire revenge were borne On sight that soon became a wall!

The life that Emmet freely gave Is cherished in a nation's soul The love he bore springs from his grave
To bless the earth while time shall rell!
His sacred gift, a sainted name, Hibernia, is forever thine, To load thy sons to endless fame Thy daughters to a holy shrine!

The Harp of Tara sounds once more. For patriot fingers sweep the strings And heroes throng the blond stained shore Whose cheer above the battle rings! The seed that swells the Irish sod Was sown by hands upraised on high In prayer and reverence to God

The soul of Emmet marches on Among the silent, serried ranks, With steadfast eyes toward the sun, Upon eternity's green banks! The book of fate is never shut, Nor dry the ink on history's page, And justice triumphs o'er the age! DAVID GRAHAM ADER

A Cracker Courtship, From the Atlanta Constitution.
Old Brown and his wife had gone to bed—
A put-up job of Sue?
And the way look it smooth to young Jim Head,
Though he blushed way down in his aboos. The moments fied, and glided on, The pine knot blaze grew dim, A good half hour was lost and gone, But not a word spoke Jim. Instead of that he silently awors, Not at Sue, who had the chair. But at himself, who had the floor, And then he pulled his hair.

At last, but slowly, the words were spoken:
"I wuz feelin' pow'ful weak
Jent after I come—aorier broken—
An' ekcercely able ter speak." At this, the eyes of Susan Brown Began to flash with pleasure; She felt that she had got him down, And could finish him at her leisure.

"An' now yer feel a lectel peerter,"

She quietly suggested;
"Spose yer h'ist an' move up near ter
The fish, an' git some rested." "No. thanky," said Jim; "we 'uns at home Air right smairt on our sleep. An' you 'une-that is, if I know'm— Hericavos in it, too, a heap. "But lemme tell yer, afore I go, Jes' why I'm feeling better; Yer mighty nigh guesses, I know, Yer sly lestel critter.

"Well, I lays it all ter possum an' tater; Thar's nothin' like it, yer see. Tor strengthen an's weeten one's natur; An' that's what's the matter with me. "An' you 'uns air the best on tater an' possum In the way uv makin' um joocey. That ever I seed, an' I hev saw some Uv the best, an' that I do say."

The fire blazed up. an' so did Sue; Hut not a word did she say; She waited to see what Jim would do, And wished he'd go his way. Not much! for Jim walk d over to Sue, And grabbed her round the waist, And then, what should the rescal do By But kiss her in hurry and haste?

"An' now," cried Jim. "how will it do Fur we 'una hereafter, Ter fix up possum an' taters fur two!" Then Sue—but what does it matter? Possum and taters for artful Jim.
Taters and possum for Suc:
Possum and taters for her and him.
Taters and possum for two! WALLACE P. REED.

The Modern Husband. From the Buton Courier.

A pair of rubber boots she wore,
Her face was all aglow.
As from the path beside her door
the showelled off the snow. She ceased not when I reached her side, But labored with a witi And, though her arms were slender, plied The implement with skill. "Your husband, ma'am, I wish to see, About some businesa." I said to her. She said to ma, "You'll dud him in, I guess.

"Just go right in; you needn't ring.
At present, I surmise
He's at his health lift practising
Up stairs for exercise." The Girl in Front, The GSIFI In Front,
From the Sunday Mercury.
She sat before me down the aisle,
She looked so week so free from guile,
I sat and watched her for awhile,
Thoughliess of prayer;
She had a fashionator san
In shape the opposite of flat,
And all that I could see was that
And all that I could see was that

Unheeded was the organ's noise.
The crew of small, white nightgowned boys.
White I admired her small head's poise,
Her shoulders trim:
And, meditating on her dress.
White others sang with zealousness,
I sat alone, and, I confess.
Forgot the hymn.

Such shoulders, such a perfect waist A Grecian Venus might have graced. Her tollet was in perfect taste And fashion new. "I know that she is fair," I said. "As fair as dainly, and well bred," Then, when she turned her pretty head, she turned mine, too.

Golden Keys. From the Unionist Gasette.

A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine "Good morning !" that's the golden key That unlocks every day for me. When every comes. "Good night!" I say, And closed a door of each glad day. When at the table. "If you please." I take from off my bunch of keys. When friends give anything to me. I'll use the little "Thank you!" key. Excuse me." " Her your pardon." too.
When by mistake some harm I do. Or if unkindly harm I've given. With "Forgive me?" I shall be forgiven. On a golden ring these keys I'll bind, This is its motto, "Be ye kind." I'll often use each golden key. And then a child polite I'll be.

Volupuk.

From the Englis Courier.

Take a teaspoonful of English.
A modicum of Dutch.
Of Italian just a trifle.
And of tiacile not too much;
Some Russian and Exyptian
Add then unto the whole.
With just enough to flavor
Of the lings of the Pole.
Bome Cingalese and Hottentot.
A found, too. of French.
Of native Scandinavian
A found, too. de French.
Hungard, non-defined tench;
Hungard, and only the feelch;
Hungard, and only the feelch;
Mith just as much Olibbeway
And Turkish as you please.
Row gitt it gently, boil it well.
And if you've decent tuck.
The utilizate residuan

THE MODERN SONG WRITER.

Figures as to the Sales of the Latest Pop niar Ballads and Facts About the Mer who Write Them-Famous Specimens. A jaunty, seal-bedecked damsel stepped into a music store not far from THE SUN office

one day last week and asked for the "Bou-langer March." A half dozen varieties of copies were quickly placed before her, and, after se-lecting a particular print, she said: "Thank you, this is the one," paid for it, and departed. "Does that often happen?" asked the reporter of one of the leading lady attendants, whose pretty eyes and golden hair adorned a face that

was fit for a music title page, "Yes," she replied, sweetly. "There are any number of compositions reprinted from forsign works, the arrangements of which are by different authors. We keep all the varieties, and allow the public to choose for themselves."

"Does such competition pay?" Sometimes. When an exceedingly popular composition is reprinted here, authors and publishers vie with one another in winning public favor. By these means some very creditable efforts are produced, and the public is the gainer in the end."

Who are the popular writers of this class. "Oh, they are too numerous to mention. Among those whose celebrity entitles them to a foremost rank are professionals whose works are composed, arranged, and sometimes sung by themselves. Among such may be named Frank Howard, the late Harry C. Talbert, Julius P. Witmark, Harrison Millard, Charles Con-nolly, and Charles D. Blake of Boston. Many others there are whose efforts have been crowned with success, but who, for want of a classical knowledge of harmony, or a disinclination for work, allow their talent in that direction to be utilized by others. The best workers of this kind, though fruitful and original in their conception, become indifferent to fame, and live only for the day. Among the list in our catalogue of the most successful producers of catch music are found such names as Skelly, Newcomb, Rosenfeld, Cavanagh,

Delaney, Mitchell, and others." "What class of songs are the most popular?" "Sentimental, chiefly, although of late the serio-comic songs have been favorably re ceived. These, however, are only of ephemeral existence, and are, as a rule, generally superseded by the more stable productions that appeal to domestic ties and the fireside. The publishers themselves not infrequently deter-

mine the popularity of many compositions." The reporter then paid a visit to several uptown houses, among them the establishments of Harms and Harding. Said Manager Realy of the first-named: "We have any amount of manuscripts offered us daily by ambitious writers who aspire to fame and desire to see their works in print; but it hardly need be said that where one song meets with popularity, that is, a large and extensive sale, there are as many hundred which fall short of the original expense of publication, and are relegated to oblivion. In this era of fitful prosperity, it is the exception and not the rule that a

expense of publication, and are relegated to oblivion. In this era of fitful prosperity, it is the exception and not the rule that a song will pay its first cost of production. Many authors, however, are slow or unwilling to realize this, and become aggreeved when their manuscripts are summarily declined. There is, to be sure, a certain class of standard writers, both operatic and sentimental, whose works are always in demand, such as Edward E. Rice, Woolson Morse, Charles E. Pratt, Bobby Newcomb, and others; and by many those are looked upon as monopolists, so to speak. But this is errongous. These writers simply possess an innate gift, and are prolific with a flow of melody, which means so many dollars and cents to the publisher."

"Unon what do publishers base their opinion of any specific work?"

"There is no definite manner of ascertaining the value of a song. It is all a lottery. Of course, the purchaser should have an experienced ear and a knowledge of the degree of skill with which the words are wedded to the molody. But even these sometimes fall in determining a truly successful hit. A recent case in point was that of an author whose manuscript had been declined by four different publishors, and which we were finally persuaded to accept, to soon find out that it was a veritable bonanza. Since then we have paid nearly \$1,200 in royalties to the composer. Bobby Newcomb's famous There's a Light in the Window has an eventful history of this kind. The Letter that Never Came, as introduced by May Howard, is also a striking instance in question. I can enumerate a list of popular achievements in this line by authors who, at the time of writing, little dreamed of the reception their production would meat with at the time of publication. Among such are Poor Old Dad, by John W. Gibbons; The Old Red Shawl, by Moreiand; The Clock on the Wall, by Bollsco, and The Little Boy in Blue, by Talbert, as popularized by the new minstret tenor, James Norrie, Among the works of professional writers always more qr less in dema

by the pow mindred tenory. James Nortice of the particle strong or the mand are those of Frank Rower, the particle of the part

Sisters' Lullaby," and who popularized the reminiscence, "Always Take Mother's Advice,"

The late Harry C. Talbert, whose demise left a void in the song world, was also one of those lights whose creations bid fair to outlive those of many modern writers. In instrumental compositions Woolson Morse, the author of the opera "Cinderelia at School," and C. D. Wilson, who wrote the "Shepherd Hoy" and "Tripping Through the Meadows, "stand preeminent as writers who also combine the versatile art of linking words melodiously with the gamut.

One of the most subtle gifts of the modern song writer is the knack of hitting upon some original title for his work, "One-half the battle of fame," said a publisher, "is the secret of getting a good name for a song." The devices employed and the many sleepiess hours spent by writers in finding a suitable title for their text is a good evidence of the truth of the old adage that there is "nothing new under the sun," Many peculiar incidents are extant illustrating the birth of an Idea which has been grasped by some writer and woven into a musical dress, A case in point is that absurdity, "You know," generated and lurched into familiarity by the dilemma of a dudelet, who whistled it as a response to a magistrate committing him for contempt of court at a recent trial. Another pet song phrase, the title of which is said to have emmanted from life's repository, is that known as "Let her go, Gallagher!" born, it is affirmed, from the last words of a miscreant who uttered them on the scatfold and addressed them to the hangman as a signal to spring the trap; the sheriff's name being Gallagher, and the place Texas, As is well known, "the time the old cow died of "was born in Scotland and the north of leand, where the lamiliar phrase originated from a helfer who died of lunger while the peasant sang unto her this lay:

There was no do man and he had an old cow, And nothing had he to give her.

There was an old man and he had an old cow.
And nothing had he to give her:
So he took out his tiddle and played her a tune—
Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time for the grass to grow—
Consider, good cow, consider.

But the modern song poet aims at subtler things, and, contrasted with the above, the fol-lowing effusive effort from a contemporaneous aspirant leads the van of modern day parodiss:

How dear to my purse is the new fashioned bonnet.

The hat that I boucht as a gift for my wife:

A small piece of straw with an extrich plume on it.

The last I'll buy while I still have my life—

The hat with a brim and a big swinging feather,

And folded traps that I can't even name;

With stuffed birds and roses and pieces of heather,

And a bill from the desirr as long as the frame—

That stylish spring bonnet, that rew familed bounet.

That famey priced bonnet that knocked mypurse lame!

BURIALS ON THE BORDER.

Some were Sad, and Some were Laughable on Account of Circumstances

Many of the border burials were pathetic in the extreme, but connected with some of them were circumstances so unexpected that their relating almost resolves itself into a kind of humor. One of the first funerals to occur at Great Bend, Kansas, possessed unprecedented circumstances enough to make it humorous, if the unexpected is an attribute of humor.

An old and somewhat disliked man, Henry Turiey by name, had been confined to his bed for several weeks by a disease which baffled the skill of the would-be physicians who attended him. He seemed to grow steadily worse, and his death was hourly expected, Then the cold weather, which had continued for nearly a month, was broken by a few spring-like days. The citizens of the little settlement took Turley's case in hand, and decided that, as his death was certain to occur in a few days at most, it was better to take nelvantage of the mild weather and dig a grave for him than to await his death and the probable return of cold weather, when grave digging would be extremely difficult. The grave was accordingly dug. Turley was so full of wrath at having his grave prepared in advance that he rose from his bed, and the same day left town in disgust. It appeared that he had been shamming all the time, in order to obtain free victuals and care. Regrots were expressed that he had not been buried without waiting for the usual preliminary of death.

The pleasant weather was soon followed by a severe storm of snow and sleet. During the first night of the blizzard a bibulously inclined attorney, Godfrey by name, being, as was his went, in an advanced state of intoxication, lay out all night in the snow. Two days later he died from the effects of his freezing.

His relatives were telegraphed for, and re sponded that they would come immediately. The storm increased in violence, and, lasting nearly a week, blocked the avenues of travel in every direction.

A few days after Godfrey's death nearly the entire male population of the settlement congregated at the combined Post Office, saloon grocery, &c., to swap stories, eat crackers, and imbibe whiskey. When all hands were pretty well warmed up, the subject of Turley's shameful deception and unoccupied grave was freely discussed. It was decided that such a good grave ought not to be wasted, and that, in order to make use of it, Godfrey's remains